## A Woman Intervenes.

By ROBERT BARR.

Author of "The Face and the Mask," "In

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After all, it must be admitted that George Wentworth was a man of somewhat change able character. For the last two or three days he had been moping around like one who meditated suicide; now he suddenly became the brightest individual on board. when everyone cise was wonstering what was going to happen to the ship. For a man was going to implement the super-to-be movedy and distraught while dauger was improving was not at all surprising; but that a man right in the mass of gloom, should suddenty blossed not rule a smilting confinences and a general marrity of manher, was something extraordinary Peo-ple thought if most be a case of brain trou-ble.

They watched the young man with interest as he warked with a springly step up and down deck. Every now and then a and down deck. Every now and then a bright smile illiminated his face, and then be seemed to be ashamed that people should notice be was reeing miarrons. When he was alone with immelf be had a mabit of smiting his thigh and bursting out into a hisgh that was long and low rather than load and beosterous. No one was more astonished at this change than Fleming, the politician, George met him ondeck, and, to the great surprise of that worthy centhto the great surprise of that worthy gentle-man, smote him on the back and said:

"My dear sir, I am arraid the other day,
when you spoke to me, I answered a
little graffly. I beg to apologize. Come
and have a drink with me."
"Oh, don't mention it," said Fleming.

Oh, don't mention it, said Fleming, Joyonsly, we all of as have our futle down turns now and then. Why, I have myself, when liquor is bad or scarce. You mighth't believe it, but some days I feel away down in the mouth. It is true, I have a receipt for getting up again, which I always use for getting up again, which I always use— and that reminds me. To you remember what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina?" "I'm sure I don!," said Wentworth; "you see, I'm not very well versed in United

States politics," Well, there wasn't much politics about

"Well, there wasn't much politics about his remark. He uncrely said 'It's a long time between drinks, come in and have something with me.' It seems to me you haven't usted anything in my company since the voyage began."

"I believe," said Wentworth, "that is true statement. Let us amend it as soon a possible, only in this case let me pay or the drinks. I invited you to drink with

Not at all, not at ail," said Fleming. "Not at all, not at all, said reclaims, "not while I'm here. This is my treat, and it is funny to think that a man should spend a week with another man without knowing him. Really, you see, I haven't known you till now."

And so the two worthy gentlemen disap-

peared into the smoking room and rang

the electric bell.

But it was in his own statecoom that George Wentworth's jocularity came out at its best. He would grasp John Kenyon by the shoulder and shake that solemn man, over whose face a grin smale would appear when he noticed the exuberant joility of

an," Wentworth cried, "why don't

Well, it seems to me," replied his comrade, "that you are doing laughing enough for its both. It is necessary to have one member of the firm solid and substantial.



the Visited Wesiminster Abbey and Others of its Ancient Landmarks,

I'm trying to keep the average about right. When you were in the dumps I had to be cheerful for two. Now that you feel so family, I take a kind of melancholy vacarest me after my hard efforts at

Well, John it seems to me too cood to What a plucky girl she was to do such a thing! How did she know but that the little vixen had a revolver with her, and might have shot her?

"I suppose she did not think about the matter at all."
"Have you seen her since the dramatic

incident? 'Seen whom? Miss Brewster?"

"No, no: I mean Miss Longworth."
"No; she hasn't appeared yet. I suppose
the fears there will be a scene, and she is

'Very likely that is the case," said Went-

worth. "Well, if you get to see her, you can tell her there is no danger. Our genial friend Fleming has had a talk with that newspaper woman, so he tells me, and the way he describes it is exceedingly picturesque. He has threatened her with giving away the 'snap,' as he calls it, to the other New York papers, and it seems that the only thing on earth Miss Brewster is afraid of it the opposition press. So she has promised to say nothing more what-

Then you have been talking with Flem-Certainly I have; a jovial good fellow

he is, too. I have been doing something more than talking with him; I have been drinking with him."

"And yet a day or two ago. I understand, on threatened to strike him."

"A day or two ago, John! It was ages, and ages ago. A day or two san't in it.

That was years and centuries since but not by time. I was an old man then; now I have become young again, and all on account of the placky action of that angel of a girl of yours."

"Not of name," said Kenyon, scriously; "I wish she were."
"Well, cheer up. Everything will come out right; you see, it always does. Noth-

ing looked blacker than this matter about the belegram a few days ago, and see how beautifully it has turned out." Kenyon said nothing. He did not desire

to discuss the matter, even with his best friend. The two went up on deck together and took a few turns along the promenade, during which promenade the eyes of Ken-yon were directed to the occupants of the deck charge but he said research. deck chairs, but he did not see the person whom he sought. Telling Wentworth that he was going below for a moment, he left him to continue his walk alone, and on reaching the saloon Kenyon spoke to the Do you know if Miss Longworth is in her

Yes; I think she is," was the answer.

Will you take this note to her? John sat down to wait for an answer. The answer did not come by the hand of the stewardes. Edith herself timorously glanced into the salpon, and, seeing Ken-yon alone, ventured in. He sprang up to

"I was afraid," he said, "that you had been ill."
"No, not exactly, but almost," she answered, "Oh, Mr. Kenyon, I have done the most terrible thing! You could not imagine that I was so bold and wicked," imagine that I was so look and wicked, and tears gathered into the eyes of the girl. Kenyon stretched out his hand to her, and she took it. "I am affaid to stay here with you," she said, "for fear—"
"Oh, I know altahout it," said Kenyon.

"You cannot know about it; you surely do not know what I have done." "Yes, I know exactly what you've done, and we all very much admire your plack."
"It hasn't, surely, been the talk of the

ship?" Miss Brewster "No; 41 has not; but Miss Brewster charged me with being an accomplice." "And you told her you were not, of

"I couldn't tell her anything, for the simple reason I hadn't the faintest idea what she was talking about; but that's how I came to know what had happened, and I came down to thank you, Miss Longworth, for what you have done. I tently believe you have saved the samily of my friend Wentworth. He is a differ-ent man since the heident we are speak-ing of occurred." And have you seen Miss Brewster

Oh, yes, as I was telling you, she met me on the deck. Dear ms, how thought-less of me. I had forgotten you were standing. Won't you sit down?"
"No, no, I have been in my room so long that I am glad to stand anywhere."

"Then won't you come up on deck with me:
"Oh, I'm arraid," she said. "I am afraid
of a public scene, and I am sure, by the last
look I caught of that girl's eyes, she will
stop at he sundal to have her revenge.
I am sorry to say that I am too much of a coward to meet her. Of course, from her point of view, i have done her eternal wrong. Perhaps it was wrong from any-

body's point of view."
"Miss Longworth," said John Kenyon,

"Miss Longworth," said John Kenyon, cordially, "you need have no fear whatever of meeting her. She will say nothing." "How do you know that?" "Oh, it is a long story. She went to the captain with her complaint, and reserved very little comfort there. I will tell you all about it on deck. Get a wrap and come with me."

vith me."

As Kenyon gave this peremptory orde he realized that he was taking a liberty he had no right to take, and his face flushed as he wondered if Edith would resent the familiarity of histones, but shemerely looked up at him with a bright single and said:

"I shall do, sir, as you command."
"No, no," said Kenyon. "It was not a command, although it sounded like one. It was a very humble request; at least, I intended it to be such."
"Well, I will get my wrap."
As shall for her starterm a rousing

As she left for her stateroom a rousing cheer was heard from up on deck. She stopped and looked at Kenyon.

"What does that mean?" she said.
"I don't know," was the answer. "Please
get your things on and we will go up and

When they reached the deck they saw everybody at the forward part of the snip. Just becoming visible in the eastern horizon were three trails of black smoke, apparently coning toward them.

The word was whispered from one to the the word was winspered from one to the other: "It is the togboats. It is relief," Few people on board the steamer knew that their very existence depended entirely on the good weather. The incessant pump-ing showed every body who gave a thoughtto the matter that the leak had been serious, but as the subsidence of the vessel was im-perceptible to all save experts, no one but the officers really knew the danger they were in. Glad as the passengers were to see these three boats approach, the one who most rejoiced was the one who knew most about the disaster and its effects—the cap-

Edith Longworth and John Kenyon paced the deck together, and did not form two of the crowd who could not tear themselves away from the front of the ship watching the gradually approaching tugtouts. Pur-posty John Kenyon brought the girl who was with him past Miss Jenne Brewster, and although that person glared with a good deal of anger at Edith, who blushed to her temples with fear and confusion, yet nothing was said; and Kenyon knew that afterward his companion would feel easie in her mind about meeting the woman with whom she had had such a stormy five minutes. The tugboats speedily took the big steamer in tow, and slowly the four of them made progress toward Queenstown it having been resolved to land all the passengers there and to allow the disabled vessel to be towed to Liverpool, if an ex-amination of the built-showed such accurate to be a safe one. The passengers hade each other good by after they left the tender, and many that were on board that ship never saw each other again. One, at least, had few regrets and no good bys to

CHAPTER XII. Although Miss Jennie Brewster arrived in London angry with the world in general, and with several or its inhabitants it particular, she soon began to revel in the delights of the great city. It was so old that it was new to her, and she visited Westminster Abbey and other of its ancient landmarks in rapid succession. The cheap ness of the bansons delighted her, and as spent most of her time dashing around in a cab. She put up at one of the big hotels, and ordered many new dresses at a place n Regent street. She bought most of in Regent street. She bought most of the newspapers morning and evening, and declared she could not find an interest-ing article in the whole assortment. From her point of view they were suppid and uninteresting, and she resolved to run down the editor of one of the big dailes when she got time, interview him, and dis-cover how he reconciled it with his con-science to get out so dull a sheet every day. She wrote too her editor in New York that London, though a slow town, was full of good material, and that nobody touched it in the writing line since Dickens' time; therefore she proposed to write a series of articles on the metropolis that would wake them up a bit. The editor

cabled her to go ahead, and she went. Her adventures will form the subject of some future chapters.

Kenyon and Wentworth, having settled to the satisfaction of all concerned the business that had taken them to Canada, now turned their attention to the mine on which they had a three months' option of purchase. Kenyon estimated that the property worked as a mic a mine alone would pay a handsome dividend on £50,000. while if a good market was to be had for the spar in which the mica was found, the nine would be cheap at £200,000. He said to Wentworth, however, that as they were to pay only £20,000 for the property,

it seemed bardly fair to inflate the price

ten times that amount. "Not a bit of it, John," said Wentworth, who was a practical man. "If the mine will pay a good dividend on that amount, then that is the right price for it. Now, we haven't any time to lose, so we must get to work. The first thing to do is to take these specimens of spar to some man who knows all about china manufacture, and find what demand there is for it in this country, and at what price. That I will attend to. The next thing is to get some good man who understands all about the formation of companies to join

us. You spoke about the mine to young Longworth on board ship, and his name would be a great help to us in the city. You go and see him, and interest him in the project if you can. When these two tasks are accomplished we shall have made

on excellent beginning."

Wentworth was an energetic man, who did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He speedily discovered that a Mr. Melville was manager and part owner of one of the largest china establishments in the country, with offices in London, and this man he sought an interview with, taking with him some of the specimens of

spar.
"I want to know," he said to Melville. "if you use this material in the making of china. Is there much of a market for it, and at what price?"

Melville used the specimen over and

over in his hand, examining it critically. His great knowledge of his own business enabled him to instantly recognize the value of the mineral, but his face showed no eagerness or enthusiasm. When he spoke it was not to answer the questions, but to ask some on his own account. "Where does this come from?" "From a mine in America." "Is there much of it there?"

"I control a mountain of it."
"Really. You are canvassing for orders

"No. I intend to form a company for the working of that mine."

"What price are you asking for the property? Is the mine in operation, or is

it merely projected?"
"It is in operation, that is, it is being operated as a mica mine; but my partner, Kenyon, who is a mining engineer, says this is more valuable than the mica. We are asking £200,000 for the mine."
"That is a very large sum," said Meiville, placing the specimen on the desk before him. "I doubt if you will get it." "Well, we expect to get it. Kenyon is at this moment with Mr. Longworth, who spoke of joining us. Longworth's objec-tion was that the sum asked was too

Old John Longworth is a good man to be associated with in a scheme of this "I am speaking of his nephew, William

"I am speaking of his nephew, William Longworth."
"Ah, that is not quite the same thing. I know both uncle and nephew. Did you wish the totake stock in the company?"
"I should be delighted to have you do so, but what I called for was to find out what you thought of this specimen, and to get an idea of the demand there is for it."
"Well, candidly, I don't think much of it. You see this kind of spar is one of the most common things in mature."

most common things in nature."
"But not in that state of purity, surely?" Perhaps not, but still pure enough for ar purposes. If you will leave this specieu with me I will consult the manager of our works. I am merely giving you my own impression, he will be able to offer you a more definite opinion. If you will leave your address with me I will ask him to write to you. That will be more satis-factor."

This was somewhat disappointing, but Wentworth had to make the best of it, and the letter from the manager, when it ultimately came, was even more discom-forting. The manager of the works asserted that the specimen submitted to him was of no commercial value, so far as he was

able to judge.

Meanwhile Kenyon had fared no better with young Longworth. Longworth had some difficulty in recollecting that he had ever met Kenyon on shipboard or anywhere else, and he had no remembrance of the mine at all. He questioned John until he learned all the engineer knew about the matter, and then told his visitor abroptly that the where did not compered limit to that the scheme did not commend itself to

John Kenyon walked along Cheapside feeling very much downhearted over his rebuff with Longworth. The pretended forgetfol-ness of the young man, of course, he took at

on the London markets I am really a student, you see, and flatter myself I am a man of science. I know what I am about when I am in a mine, miles away from civilization, but when I get among men I feel somehow at a los. I do not understand them. When a man tells me one thing to day, and to more we calmly forgets all about it, I confess it—well—confuses me."

"Then the man you have seen to-day has forgotten what he told you yesterday. Is that the case?"

"Yes; that is partly theedse."

"But, Mr. Kenron, the success of your

"But, Mr. Kenyon, the success of your project is not going to depend upon what one man says, or two, or three, lait?"

"No; I don't suppose it is."
"Then, if I were you, I would not feel dis couraged because one manhas forgotten. I wish I were acquainted with your one man, and I would make him ashamed of himself, I think." Kenyon flushed as she said this, but made

The coachman looked round as he came to

Holborn, and Miss Longworth nodded to him, so be went on, without stopping, up into Oxford street.

"Now, I take a great interest in your mine. "Now, I take a great interest in your mine.
Mr. Kenyon, and hope to see you succred
with it. I wish leould help you, or, rather,
I wish you would be frank with me, and let
me know how I can help you. I know a good
deal about city men and their ways, and I
think I may be able to give you some good
advice, at least, if you will have the condescension to consult me." dvice, at least, the "You are making excession to consult me." You are making

ome of me now, Miss Longworth. Of ourse, as you said on shipheard, it is but very small matter." I never said any such thing. When did I say that?

You said that £50,000 was a small "bid 1? Well, I am like your man who has forgotten, I have forgotten that. I re-member saying something about its being

memoer saying sometiming about its using too small an amount for my father to deal with. Was not that what I said?"
"Yes: I think that was it. It conveyed the idea to my mind that you thought 250,000 a very trilling sum indeed."
Edith Longworth laughed. "What a terrible memory you have! I do not wonder at your city man bersetter. Are you sure at your city man forgetting. Are you sure what you told him did not happen longer ago than yesterday?"
"Yes, it happened some time before."
"Ah, I thought so. I am afraid it is your

own terrible memory and not his forgetful-ness that is to blame." "On, I am not blaming him at all. A man has every right to change his mind if he wants to."

"I thought only a woman had that privilege,"
"No; for my part, I freely accord it to

everybody; only sometimes it is a little depressing."
"I can imagine that. In fact, I think no one could be a more understrable ac-quaintance than a man who forgets to-day what he promised yesterday, especially if anything particular depended upon. it. Now, why cannot you come to our house some evening and have a talk about the



"How are you, Mr. Kenyon?" said Edith Longworth, holding out her hand to the young man.

its proper value. He, nevertheless, felt am not the right person to float a min very sorry the interview had been so futile. | mine with my cousin or my father? M and instead of going back to Wentworth and telling him his experience he thought it best to walk of a little of his disappointment first. He was somewhat startled when a manaccosted him, and, glancing up. he saw standing there a dall footman, arrayed in a gray coat that came down to his

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the footman, "but Miss Longworth would like to speak to you."
"Miss Longworth!" said Kenyon in sur-

"She is here in her carringe, sir."
The carringe had drawn up beside the pavement, and John Kenyon booked round in confusion to see that Miss Longworth was regarding him and the footman with an amused air. An elderly woman sat in the carriage opposite her, while a grave and dignified coachman, attired some-what similarly to the footman, kept his place like a seated statue in front. John Kenyon took off his hat as he approached the young

woman, whom he had not seen since the last day on the steamer. "How are you, Mr. Kenyon?" said Edith Longworth brightly, holding out her hand to the young man by her carriage. "Will you not step in? I want to talk with you, and I am afraid the police will not allow us to block such a crowded thoroughfare

as Cheapside."
As she said this the nimble footman threw open the door of the carriage, while John, knowing what to say, stepped inside

and took his seat.
"Helborn," said the young woman to the coachman; then turning to Kenyon, she cou-tinued, "will you not tell me where you are going, so that I may know where to set you down?" "To tell the truth," said John, "I do not

think I was going anywhere. I am a fraid I havenot yet got over the delight of being back in Lordon again, so I sometimes walk a long the streets in rather a purposeless manner." "Well, you did not look very delighted

when I first caught sight of you. I thought you were most dejected, and that gave me courage enough to ask you to come and talk to me. I said to myself there is something wrong with the mica mine, and, with a we man's curiosity. I wanted to know all about it. Now, tell me." "There is really very little to tell. We have hardly begun yet. Wentworth is to-

day looking over the figures I gave him, and I have been making a beginning by seeing some people who, I thought, might be interested in the mine."

"And were they?"

"No, they were not."

"And were they?"
"No; they were not."
"Then that was the reason you were looking so distressed."
"I suppose it was."
"Well, now. Mr. Kenyon, if you get discouraged after an interview with the first person you think will be interested in the mine, what will you do when a dozen or more people refuse to have anything to do with it?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I am afraid I "I suppose it was."
"Well, now, Mr. Kenyon, if you get discouraged after an interview with the first person you think will be interested in the mine, what will you do when a dozen or more people refuse to have anything to do with ht?"

father could give you much vauable advice in reference to it, and I am anxious that my cosm should help to carry this project on to success. It is better to talk with them there than at their office, because they are both so busy during the day that I am straid they might not be able to give the time necessary to its

John Kenyon shook his head, "I am fraid," he said, "that would do no good. I do not think your cousin cares to have anything to do with the mine."

"How can you say that? Did he not discuss the matter with you on board ship?" "Yes: we had some conversation about it there, but I imagine that—I really do not think he would care to go any farther with it."

"Ab, I see," said Edith Longworth. "My cousin is the man who forgot to day what he said yesterday."

he said yesterday."

"What am I to say, Miss Longworth? I do not want to say Yes, and I cannot truthfully say No."

"You need say nothing. I know exactly how it has been. So he foreshot want to have anything to do with it? What reason did he give?"

ne give?"
"You will not say anything to him about
the marter? I should be very sorry if he
thought that I talked to anyone else in ref-"Oh, certainly not; I will say nothing to

him at all."
"Well, he gave no particular reason; he simply seemed to have changed his mind-But I must say this, he did not appear to be very enthusiastic about it when I talked with him on board ship."

"Well, you see, Mr. Kenyon, it rests with

me how to maintain the honor of the Long-worth family. Do you want to make all the profit there is to be made in the mica mine-that is, yourself and your friend, Mr. Wentworth?" "How do you mean 'all the profit?"

"Well, I mean—would you share the profit with anybody?"
"Certainly, if that person could help us to form the company."
"Very well; it was on that basis you were going to take in my cousin as a partner

was it not?"
"Yes."
"Then I should like to share in the profits of the mine if he does not take an interest in it. If you will let me pay the preliminary expenses of forming this country, and if you will then give me a share of what you make. I shall be gladd to furnish the money you need

a very large reward for furnishing the funds. It is purely selfishness on my part. I believe I have a head for business. A WISIT TO THE MEDIUM.

I believe I have a head for business. The chances of developing their business talents as they seem to have in America. In that country there are women who have made fortunes for themselves. I believe in your nine and I believe you will succeed in forming your company. If you, or if Mr. Wentworth, were a capitalist, of courses there would be no need of my assistance. If were alone I could not form a company. You and Mr. Wentworth can do what I cannot do. You can appear before the public and attend to all preliminaries. On the other hand, I believe I can do what neither of you can do—that is, I can supply a certain amount of money each week to pay the expenses of forming the company, because a company is not formed in London for nothing. I assure you. Perhaps you think you have simply to go and see a sufficient number of people and set you can do—that is, I can supply a certain amount of money each week to pay the expenses of forming the company, because a company is not formed in London for nothing. I assure you. Perhaps you think you have simply to go and see a sufficient number of people and set you will find it not so casy as all that. Besides this business interest I have in it, I have a very friendly interest in Mr. Wentworth." As she said this she bent over toward John Kenyon and speke in a lower time of yolve. "Please do not tell him so, because of that I may communicate with him if a good idea strikes me, or if I find out something of value in forming our company."

Kenyon took out a card, wrotethe address of Wentworth opon it, and handed it to her.

"Thank you," she said. "You see, I deeply sympathized with Mr. Wentworth for what he had to pass through on the steamer," and plad of that. People, as a general thing, are not grateful for all you did for him on that occasion," replied Kenyon.

"I am glad of that, People, as a general thing, are not grateful for what their friends do for them. I am glad, therefore, that the wind welder, "preserving the variety of selence." with a ter

im on that occasion," replied Kenyon.
"I am glad of that. People, as a general thing, are not grateful for what their friends do for them. I am glad, therefore, that Mr. Wentworth is an exception. Well, suppose you talk with him about what I have said before you make up your own mind. I shall be quite content with what-ever share of the profits you allow me." "Ab. that is not business, Miss Long-

you-that is, with Mr. Wentworth-in this matter, and I am sure both of you will do what is right. Perhaps it would be better not to tell him who is to furnish the money. Just say you have met a triend to-lay who offers, for a reasonable slare of the profits, to supply all the money necessary for the preliminary expenses. You will consult preliminary expenses. You will with him about it, will you not?"

"Yes, if it is your wish."
"Certainly it is my wish; and I also wish you to do it so nicely that you will conceal my name from it more successfully than concealed my cousin's name from me this afternoon.

"I am afraid I am very awkward," said John, bloshing. "No. you are very honest, that is all. "No. you are very honest, that is an You have not become accustemed to the art of telling what is not true. Now, this is where we live. Will you come in?" "Thank you, no, I'm afraid not," said John. "I must really be going now." "Let the coachman take you to your station."

"No, no, it is not worth the trouble; it is only a step from here."
"It is no trouble. Which is your station, South Kensington?"

"Very well. Drive to South Kensington station, Parker," she said to the coachman, and then, running up the steps, she waved her hand in good-by as the carriage turned. And so John Kenyon, without the price of the carriage and horses to his name, dre in this gorgeous equipage to the underground station and took the train for the city.

As he stepped from the carriage at South Kensington young Longworth came out of the station on his way home, and was simply dumfounded to see Kenyon in the

Longworth's carriage.

John passed him without noticing who it was, and just as the coachman was going to start again. Longworth said to him: "Parker, have you been picking up fares "Oh, no, sir," replied the respectable Par-

ker, "the young gentleman as just left us came up from the city with Miss Long worth." "Did he, indeed. Where did you pick him up. Parker?" ep, Parker?"
"We picked him up in Cheap-ide, sir."
"Ah, very good. I will just step inside."
and with that, muttering some imprecations on the check of Kenyon, he stepped

into the carriage and drove home.

(To be Continued.) THE OLD HOME.

"Good-by, father! You are unjust to me and I must leave the old home. I shall always love it, but I know you and mother think that I am not good enough to live at home, and I will go. Tell Dick, Tem, Harry, Goerge, William, James, Ealph, Mary, Sarah Jane, Alice and Maggie good-

With a mean the bad son went out into

the dark, bitter night.

II.

Fifteen years went by. Dick, Tom, Harry,
George, William, James, Mary, Sarah
Jane and Alice died. Maggie, the unhealthy one, and Ralph, the hard-hearted
one, lived, Ralph went away and made so
much money that there was talk of sending
him to the United States Senate. At the
dear old home the father, mother and Maggie lived. They got older and pager every gie lived. They got older and poorer ever year. How strange, and yet how true! Alexander, the bad son, was lost to the

The day drew near when the mortgage must be paid or the old home lost. The mortgage had been given to raise \$5,000 which was paid to the musician to teach Maggie how to play on the piano. She intended to become a music teacher that she might support her father and mother in old in old age, but just about the time the money gave out her teacher discovered that she was not built for a musician.

TV.
"Yes," said Maggie, as she came into the room with her beautiful pale face and a tin pan, "this is the last of the potatoes Mr. Jones gave us."

The father groaned.
"To day the sheriff comes to drive us
from the old home."
Even as he spoke the officer drew near

with his assistants. "Sold to the gentleman in the black ait for \$5,000!" The old mother turned and looked. She

gave a great cry:
"You are my long lost boy, Alex!"

"No, I am his great grandson. But I am great and rich, and you shall live forever n your old home." His great-great-grandfather folded him

"Why is it, if you are so great and rich, I never heard of you?" With a proud smile, his great-great-grandson replied: Because I have been Vice President of the United States."

They fived happily ever after, for Ralph, the hard-hearted son, died very suddenly one day of old age.—New York World.

He Saw Double. Radbourn-That was a funny thing about Jagleigh. Chesney-What was that? Radbourn-He went out Radbourn—He went out and got full the other day. When he got home and met his wife he thought he had committed

A Nervous Man. "I have discovered," said the trainer,
"that Mr. Roarbett, the champion of the
universe, is quite easily annoyed."

Prof. Psychol - You don't say!" 'Yes, indeed. I have discovered that he

bigamy. He hasn't touched a drop since,-

always fights better when the other fellow is in [ail."—Cleveland Phin Dealer. And Her Carpets Are Travesty She didn't know what burlap is, but she thought she did, and when she said that she was house cleaning and bad covered all her furniture with burlesques she couldn't

with a graceful acrobatic lenp, stood poised on the nearest desk on one dainty foot, her skirts convulsively chitched back with one stiffened hand, while with the other she pointed tragically toward the staffs. In a twinkling the queen's trim ankles were silhouetted against the court window, while every piece of furniture the room contained was graced with a living statue. with a graceful-acrobatic leap, stood poised

the archiveness graced with a hying statue. The archiveness of woman-kind was abroad in the land and ghosts and spirits were relegated to the background. Mr. Mouse came down the steps two at a time and flew to cover, his little body convulsed with merriment. A second later I saw him peer from behind the leg of a desk and heard him multer. What foois these mortals be!" him mutter: "What fools these mortals be! The excitement subsided and quiet reigner the exchanges her's room, unbroken saveby the click, click of the typewriters, for the wicked little idea which had popped into my head and had been at once communicated to little Miss X, worked itself into a definite

intle Miss X. worked itself into a definite plan with little outward sign.

On the next Saturday afternoon three de-mure-looking mortals besought the mediam for a reading. Miss X. was arrayed in giddy attire and wore a diamond ring on her en-gagement finger. Col. Jinspin was enveloped in an air of injured innocence, in which the average man masquerades, while I was a sad-yed widow in a black dress and bornet and a wedding ring graced my sacrilectors. and a wedding ring graced my sacrilegious

finger.
We were ushered into a tiny room, with We were ushered into a tiny room, with of one window, whose shade was drawn so that the room was filled with a dim, ghostly light. The medium scated herself in the darkest corner, explaining that she was con-troffed by the spirit of Mohawk, and began making mysterious passes in the air and oc-casionally rubbing her face with her hands. Her face grew gray and wan, and seemed almost lifeless for a few moments, when she suddenly sat creet, with a bright, rested ap-pearance, and, pointing to the colonel, called saddenly sat erect, with a bright, rested appearance, and, pointing to the colonel, called out in a shrill, high-pitched voice, "Hello, brave!" She fell to counting on her fingers. "I see you, brave," she went on, "with one, two, six, eight spirits over you, and one, six, seven in the earf conditionam. I see many dark shadows in your past life, brave, but your troubles will last but four more moons, then all am smooth and bright before you. You have been a wanderer; you have no wigwam. I see you travel over mountainum and valley and crossing broad plains. I see you cross the hunting grounds of my people. you cross the hunting grounds of my people. Then, again, I see you in an office with one five men working for you brave, but you no stay inside much. I see you building something. What is 14, brave? Is it a railroad? I see you measure and look long and carefully up and down the land."

and carefully up and down the land."

A look of amazement took the place of the amused smile which had glimmered from behind the colone's blonde mustacle at her ridiculous attempt to imitate the Indian tongue. He is a civil engineer. She was describing his occupation exactly. So strange a coincidence was this that a chilly conviction began to force its way through the crast of my unbelief, and I felt a bit uncomfortable about my ring.

"You try to make people think you religionam, brave, but you am not. There am no religionam in you. But you not bad; you good all the way through, I like you.

You have a modified by the late of the color of the col

ou good all the way through. I like you You have something better than religion When you am friend to a man; you am friend. When he want wampam he know where

The colonel was perplexed. Here was a decided home thrust for a good Methodist, with just a touch of soothing, alleviating flattery. He was fast losing confidence in himself. Next followed a discussion of his dispositionum, as she called it, which left him in a pittable frame of mind. I felt reassured and began to thoroughly enjoy myself. It was evident that she was nothing but a mind reader, and she had an easy task before her. There was a help-yourself sort of an air of resignation about him, and mark that the product of t of an air of resignation about fain, and more than once I intercepted an appealing glauce at the door. I could read him myself. He was dealing out his most respectable faults first, as an aeronaut does his sand-bags, but was holding on desperately to a few of his particularly pet vices lest he should go entirely up the flume. But it was of no was When a mon has become furty. of no use. When a man has stood for thirtyor years with his head uncovered to let culine intellect an inadequate protection against the wiles of the other sex. He was wax in the hands of the enchantress, and he grouned in spirit when he met our trium-

"It will be your turn next," he maliciously

whispered to me. "She will see through

whispered to me. "She will see through your little ruse casy enough."
"You are going to have lots of wampum, brave," she continued. "Oh, lots," indicating with her hands a bugepile. We braced up and gazed at the colonel with a pretended accession of interest.
"You no like puposes," she observed, "but am big squaws, um, rum, and they like you, too," reassuringly, "and I like you, too. I see cattle all about you, brave. I see you go way West and speculate in cattle. You must speculate, and you will go far from home. What do you know about politicsum, brave." she asked, with startling icsum, brave?" she asked, with startling

suddenness.
"Why, nothing," he replied, quickly, surprised out of himself, and with a lack of expression which suggested the existence of a vacuum somewhere about his head.

How I wanted to go out in the hall and

hing myself with rapturous tenderness! He knew nothing about politics, Generous admission. I had tried to convince him of that fact in many a political discussion, and now, oh, poor brave, he grouned aloud. He knew I would make a verbal report of the affert with all my accuracy of a dener-

now, ou, poor brave, he grouned aloud. He knew I would make a vertal report of the affair with all my accuracy of a stenographer, skilled in supplying any omission, due to deficient memory or stambiling pench, from her own fertile brain.

Here Mohawk swilched off and turned his attention to little Miss X., who seemed all at once to shrink into herself. Hers was the usual fate, according to the oracle; sadden loss of riches by her family when she was but a child, several changes of residence, and last, but far from least, she was to marry a big, broad-shouldered brave with blue eyes and light hair; here followed a minute description of Col. Jinspin. She had seen the diamond ring and drawn her own conclusions. But she was mistaken and was shrewd enough to note that fact at once and proceed to make the colonel suffer all the tortures a modern Prometheus could invert. She cut off his legs and made all the changes possible which would be consistent with her former description.

description.

My turn came at last and I drew a mental

"I se you, squaw," she began, "a way up above everybody. That is your place, squaw, but something drags you down. What is it? Is it you familiment, or is that you got no wampum?"
"I guess it is because I no got any wam-

pum," I replied, with a feeble attempt at Mohawk. at Mohawk.

"You had lots of wampum once," she continued. Then she glanced at my wedding ring. "But your hrave am gone, I see his spirit come and fill your last with flowers. Poor squaw, all alone." This in a sad, plaintive tone

I assumed an expression of stony calm and tried to look sad and forforn, but it was too much of an undertaking. I exploded in a most unbecoming gargle, quite incompatible with my somber gown and bonnet and sad state of bereavement. found and sad state of befeavement.
Old Mohawk was on the alert at once.
Keen eyes glanced from one to the other.
The medium feil to counting on her fingers

"But you no like you brave." she remarked tentatively. No answer. "Are you sure he dead?" she asked. Her brow was wrinkled in a perplexed frown.
"No," she finally concluded, "he no dead; he far away. He a bad brave, but you get another brave. I see two braves, a dark-eyed, dark-haired brave and a big, broad-houldered, blue-eyed brave, with light hair, quarrel about you. I hear a great yow-yow, but you will marry the blue-eyed brave. He will build a big wigwam for you and in four moons you will marry him and will always be happy."

I went to bed that night at 8 o'clock

I went to bed that night at 8 o'clock in the hope that old 80 would take the hint and get up a little earlier than usual the next morning, for I was anxious to relate my exploit to the girls.

My audience was are interested one and interspersed my story with many a sympathetic "Of course," and "The idea!" but I was not satisfied. I wanted to assume the attitude of a reformer, of one who had proofs at hand to sweep a way the traditions and superstitions which become the human mind. I wanted them to atque for the attant nonsense, while largued against it. But no, they were as ready to believe her a frauld as an oracle, and I know beyond a doubt that the duchess, notwithstanding the fine air of soom on her face as she listened to my recital, takes a second look at every big man she meets wearing a suit of light clothes.

Juspin came around last night and asked

of light ciothes.

Jinspin come around last night and asked
the if I thought I could marry a big, broadshouldered, blue-eyed, light-haired brave,

Pledge That Mary Took Mary Lynch was before Justice Hall esterday for being intoxicated. "Sign a pledge if I let you off?" asked

e court. "I will if you'll allow me to drink one glass of beer a day."
"Agreed," replied the court, and the was signed.

"He didn't say how big a glass I can have," remarked the woman as she left the court-room.
"I've got a pitcher that's two feet high, and I'll are that's A Professional Advantage.

"Don't you want to hire my par?" said a little colored urchin. "What for?" "Ter put up de stovepipe." "Does he put up stovepipes well"
"Deed he do. An' de bes' ob it am dat he's deaf an' dumb, my par is, so de women folks doan' hab ter leave de house while he's wahkin."—Exchange.

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